## BEAUTIES AT LONG BRANCH.

Meaning, of Course, Pretty Women See On and Off the Sandy Beach. Lone Brance, July 28.—The artist met me on the broad porch of the hotel this morning

and took me into his confidence. "See here," said he, running his slender fingers through his curly raven locks and then adjusting his flowing tie into a broad bow, "I have perfected my studies of Beauty in the Breakers, and they will surely find a place in the midwinter exhibition. My free hand sketches of Innocence, which you have done me the honor to admire, are in my pertfolio, where they will remain until they are idealized on the canvas. Now, it is my desire to turn to the realistic. I want to picture some of the Mrs. Markielams. Bless eir dear hearts, they are making such noble acrifices! They are going through such a errible daily whirl that to ignore them would

As he spoke a well-preserved matron, who As he spoke a well-preserved marron, who looked sixty in the wrinkles on her brow, fifty in her well-rounded form, forty in her dress, and perhaps not more than twenty-five or thirty in her manner, came along hand in hand with her daughter, humming a love story set to verse. The girl was perhaps seventeen, tall, slender, and graceful. Her eves were quite as blue as the ocean beyond. eyes were quite as blue as the ocean beyond. eyes were quite as blue as the ocean beyond, and her complexion as fresh and wholesome as a healthy babe's. She was as captivating as any girl that Neptune has caressed this season. Together they sought out the artist—the gay "mamma, dear," and the ambitious "my darling daughter."

Go out at sunrise and get the benefit of a brancher walk along the based in the fresh of

bracing walk along the beach in the fresh of the morning, appear late for breakfast in the private room, iolter on the wind-swept verandas, drive in the afternoon along Ocean avenue, or attend the concert or stroil on the yielding sands by soft moonlight whenever you will, and you will find the mamma, dears, and the darling daughters. Such is the way

of the Branch.

How truly cosmopolitan we are.

What a lot of people one knows here, and what a small proportion the number is of the grand total. In one hour's drive I saw George Gordon Battle, of New York and the George Gordon Battle, of New York and the Southland; Senator J. R. McPhe son, who is at home in half a dozen places; Mrs. E. L. Douglass, of Atlanta; Mr. and Mrs. Bob Cut-ting, the actress; Jules Randle, whose home is in faraway Mexico; Baron Trezzi, of Milan; L. E. Desbecker, of Buffalo, N. Y., and fully twenty others from as many different parts of the compass

Long Branch is never without its love romance. The first this year has for its heroine the petite and pretty widow of the late Major Casper Buddolph, who has spent a portion of several seasons here. Dr. Paul Meger, whose reputation as a surgeon was made dur ing the France-Prussian war, has taken her hand and heart and in return has given his love and an ample fortune. The ceremony, which will take place next month, will be

May I be excused if I drop into statistics? The women bathers numbered 188 in one morning before 80 clock. Forty-three women drive tanien, sixty-iour handle the reins over spanking teams. Those who are regular strollers on the beach number fully 300. What picture of loveliness at early twilight! T. O.

## How to Peel Tomatoes.

Nearly all cook books say: "Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, then skin them." and at least ninety in every hundred persons attempt to skin them in this manner, and, consequently, do it very imperfectly. This is the proper way to peel tomatoes. Cover them with boiling water half a minute, then lay them in cold water until perfectly cold, and the skin can peeled off without difficulty. leaving the tomatoes unbroken and as firm as they were before being scalded.

Population of the Ocean. A striking proof of the vastness and variety of the population of the sea has been fur nished by the results of explorations made by a committee of the Zoological Department of

## "BUTTERFLY." By FLORENCE MARRYAY.

A uthor of "Fighting the Air." "Her Father's Name," "Little White Souls," "Stop Thie!," &c., &c., &c.

I shall never forget the pantomime season of 1886. It was a very successful one, Managers vied with each other who should produce the finest spectacle, and no one of them spared less expense than Mr. Drummond, of the Ariel theater in Silverpool. He had secured one of the best pieces and all the prettiest women he could lay hold of and Silverpool being such an important seaport town, full of visitors as well as residents, his house was crammed night after night, and his pantomime, "The Butterfly's Ball," was anced by the press to be one of the best

The first time I saw Cissie Stanley (who played the Queen of the Butterflies) dance and heard her sing I was not surprised at her success. She was just the very prettlest giri I had ever seen, and though I am a woman I am perfectly able to appraise the merits of my own sex. She possessed a rich. Il voice, as sweet as a thrush singing in the early morning, and her dancing was one of most wonderful things I had ever witthe most wonderful things I had ever witnessed. When she ran on the stage, with two enormous transparent wings at her back, and her light costume made to imitate the body of the insect, and executed a piroutic which almost seemed to keep her quivering in the ain, she did not appear to dance so much as

Well might she have been chosen for a utterfly. It was her very nature to be frivous and unthinking and careless. But she might have spared poor Edmund Grey. She and he and I lived in the same house and soon grew to know each other well. We were much on a per in the company, I filling the part of the Fairy Queen and Edmund that of the Butterfly Prince's rival—the ungainly Tond. Often have I pitted the poor young in in the arduous task he had undertaken He was not strong. His limp, thin hair and pallid fare and attenuated body all spoke of

weakly constitution, if not of disease.

I have seen him ready to faint in the course of the performance, as he lifted the huge and head for a low minutes to breathe the sir, and wipe away the perspiration that streamed down his features. But he would never spare himself. He was very clever, and he liked applause for Cissie's sake, if not for his own, and neglected no means of gaining it. For he was deeply and ardently in love with her from the very beginning, and she encouraged his admiration, if nothing

Sometimes I remonstrated with her on the subject. I saw how much in earnest Edmund was, and how little she cared for him. But she always laughed at me and my sermons, Mr. Grey understood her perfectly, she affirmed. He was not such a simpleton as I took him for. He knew it was a pleasant ac-quaintanceship, and nothing more. If he really thought it would end in anything—with a shrug of her pretty shoulders—well, he must be a goose. She had had dozens of such affairs. All girls had, and it would be a very dull time if she had no one to walk to and from the theater with her, and carry her bags and parcets, and be at her beck and call from morning till night.

Meanwhile the other artistes, even down to the supers, all spoke of Miss Stanley and Mr. Grey as "engaged," and no one who had seen them together could have thought otherwise. He became her very shadow—her slave. Whilst she went through her performance, bounding from one end of the stage to the other dropping as lightly to the ground. other, dropping so lightly to the ground, springing so buoyantly to ner feet again, and looking so archly shy and bewitching the while—he used to stand at the wings, his pale tace uncovered from the Toad's mask, his deep, earnest eyes fixed on Classie's graceful figure, as if his eyes were glued there. When she sung he hung breathless on her notes—when applause succeeded her efforts his thin hands always added to it.

Once or twice I spoke to him about incurring such unnecessary fairure, and asked other, dropping so lightly to the ground.

Once or twice I spoke to him about in-curring such unnecessary fatigue, and asked him why he did not sit down when he was able instead of standing about; for I could not help seeing that he was not strong, and it made me afraid—I could hardly see why—to

the British Association in that part of the Irish Sea surrounding the Isle of Man. Out of 1,000 species of marine animals collected, 224 had never before been found in that 224 had never before been round inknown region, thirty-eight were previously unknown as inhabitants of British waters, and seven to science. Indeed teen were entirely new to science. Indeed they were animals whose existence had never been suspected. If such discoveries reward a few weeks of searching in so minute a speci of sea, how many volumes would be required to contain a list of the still undiscovered in habitants of the great acean?

WOMEN DRUMMERS.

There Are Several, and Miss Marie Stocum

Is One of the Most Successful. If there is any reason why a self-reliant energetic woman should not make a success as a commercial "drummer" the Nations Traveler would like to know it. As proof positive that she can, at least in individual cases, succeed in this field it cites a number of instances, among them that of Miss Marie Stocum, now of Omaha, one of the bestknown traveling saleswomen in the West.

Miss Stocum, after a little experience in the retail line, first made a trip on the road for the Chapin & Smith Company, of Chicago She surprised the house with the number and size of the orders she brought in and was at once engaged to travel for that house as a permanent thing. She staid with it for a permanent tang. See state with it for a year, making ninety day trips through lowa and Nebraska and selling more goods than any of the masculine husders that the house employed. At the end of a year she accepted a position with the Consolidated Coffee Company, of Omaha, where she has since remained, making regular trips and selling goods with the best of them. Miss Stocum is energetic and amiable and has made many warm friends among her customers.

Out in Fort Dodge, Iowa, the M. M. Walker Company, complision, merchants, have a

company, commission merchants, have a saleswoman whom they will back to capture more orders in a given time than any man who sells goods in that line. Miss Stower covers a good-sized territory in that vicinity for them and gets both the respect and orders of the best customers all along the line. Down in Maquoketa Miss Marie Teeple is making a splendid record selling eigars for a local factory. Another successful traveling woman in the West is Mrs. J. W. Boe, of Manchester, lowa, who travels regularly for the glove house of Cheeny, Case & Co. She takes the same territory as her husband, who sells the Ludlow shoes, and they travel around together aleswoman whom they will back to capture low shoes, and they travel around together enjoying all the comforts of home.

Woman's Nerve and Herolsm.

Oakland, Cal., furnished an incident of the strike that was dramatic. The strike of the semaphore-men caused a blockade at a railroad crossing and no one could be found who dared attempt to release the trains. Train hands got off, looked at the semaphore, hands got off, looked at the semaphore, then at the ugly crowd that surrounded it, and quickly climbed back on their trains. Then Miss Lizzie F. Tillson, a ticket agent in the station at the crossing, appeared. A passenger train was the first one held by the semaphore, and she thought it time that it was moving. Some one counseled her to go slow, and suggested that if she would wait a few minutes the train men might act. There was a further delay, but the trainmen had seen enough of the temper of the strikers to convince them that their best policy was to do as little as possitheir best policy was to do as little as possi-ble in opposition to the muttering crowds that surrounded them. Then Miss Tillson concluded that the oc-casion and the woman had met. She went out of her little office, locked the door, put the keys in her pocket, and ran to the semaphore, which she turned in the twinkling of an arc. She was so swift in her more of an eye. She was so swift in her move ments that the crowd of men and women asments that the crowd of men and women as-sembled hardly knew what she was about. Her hands had seized the great from lever and whirled it to the command "Go" before anybody could have stopped her had anybody desired to do so. The blockade was lifted and the train thereafter ran without in-

see him so engrossed in Cissic Stanley that he neglected everything to remain in her sight. But he never took my advice. When he was not on the stage with her he stood and looked at her, and as soon as the per-formance was over he hurried away to rid himself of his cumbrous attire in order to be waiting in readiness to es ort her home

Waiting in readiness to es oft her home.
You may suppose there were plenty of other
young men who would have been only too
pleased to do that, but Gissie, though selfish
and fond of admiration, was a good girl at
heart, and always waiked back quietly to her
lodging with Mr. Grey and me. I knew that was only because she was a respectable girl, and valued her character and her name, but Edmund ascribed it to preference for himself, and would enter the little lighted parior with his face flushed with pleasure and excite-

hat brought "grist to the mill." of the Ariel theater were rather a dangerous place, therefore, for young women who were disposed to be careless, and I often watched Cissie with anxious eyes (for I had grown to love the girl), but Edmund never seemed to concern himself in that way. He was too deeply engrossed by his love for her and his belief in her.

belief in ber.

Naturally, every one wanted to be introduced to Cissie. The press had lauded her talents and appearance to the skies. She had become quite a notoriety since appearing in Silverpool, and the visitors daily disgorged by the Atlantic stramers invariably spent their one evening in the town in coming to see "Butterfly"—as Cissie was generally called. I never saw anything bold or forward in her behavior to her numerous admirers, but she certainly liked their admiration.

I can see her now in her brilliant costume, made to imitate that beautiful insect—a

made to imitate that beautiful insect—a "painted lady"—her brown hair piled in a pyramid above her shapely little head, and crowned with "antenne," her lovely face flushed with exertion and with listening to flattery, and, her eyes downcast as she modestly talked with her acquaintance. No young lady in a ballroom could be more particular than she was at first, and as I believed she would continue to be. Not that I thought she was in earnest about Ednund Grey. Truth to tell, I never thought her in earnest about anybody, and no more she was, until Lord Philip Freeland came upon the scene. Why are we women so fond of a title? Why made to imitate that beautiful insect-

Why are we women ac fond of a title? are we finite we women as sold of a title? Why are we finite ob y attentions from a lord which we would disdain from a commoner? What is there in an empty handle to a man's name to make him any the better worth consideration? And yet it is an indisputable fact that it will gain it. Lord Philip Freeland was an empty-headed young fool. His father had sent him out to the United States in hopes that a knowledge of the world might teach him some wisdom, but he returned much the same as he went.

To het on a race course, to freewant the

To bet on a race course-to frequent the music halls, or to loiter behind the scenes of a theater—still seemed to Lord Philip to make up the sum-total of existence, and as he had an ample allowance he generally con-trived to do as he liked. When he had seen our pretty Butterfly, and found he could gain access the green-room he stayed in Silver-pool for that purpose. He thought Cissic beautiful, as every one else did, and he placed her in imagination on a par with sundry ballet girls and music hall singers that he might have known. Men like Lord Philip Freeland never make any distinction between women. They place them all in the care women. They place them all in the san

At first we—by we I mean Edmund and myself—looked upon Lord Philip's attentions to Cissie as we did on those of her other ad-mirers. We did not even know that he was a mirers. We did not even know that he was a lord. He was a very ordinary and insignifi-cant-looking individual, and did not appear

cant-looking individual, and did not appear either brilliant or agreeable. He came be-hind the scenes in an evening, elaborately dressed in the latest fashion, with a diamond solitaire and a crush hat, and a faultiess but-ton-hole, and his hair parted in the middle. He spoke with a lisp and a languid drawl, and was in fact like all the other fools who frequent such places, and think that every one must fancy them as much as they fancy themselves. But when he appeared in the same place every night and spent all his time talking to Cissie, and commenced to bring her flowers and bonbons, we could not help

THE GAY SARATOGA GIRL.

she Is a Young Woman Who Knows Thing or Two.

SARATOGA, July 28,-The Saratoga girl is what the men in pink shirts and wear dianonds and sport new gray suits call "a thoroughbred." She is a self-reliant young woman, who knows a good deal about everything and can do several things well. She generally comes from the West or the South. with a gay young mamma, a very fat pocket book, and trunks full of pretty dresses. She is sometimes on the lookout for a husband, and, of course, both she and papa and mamma have their own ideas as to what kind of a man be should be, and as different fish are caught with different kind of bait, so do the tastes of different men demand catering to But the Saratoga girl is equal to it. She knows just how to manage all sorts and conditions of men and her calmness and self-possession are the calm assurance of knowledge. She is an experienced young woman, and there are tablets in her memory stowed away, like the next little books in which we press specimens of seaweed, on which she has made mental notes of what to do under certain cir-

she chooses.

The Saratoga girl is very much of a woman of the world. She can flirt well and dance divinely; she dresses without regard for papa's income, and she is sophisticated from the top of her pretty head to the soles of her pointed shoes. She goes to the spring in the morning and drinks the water, the merits of which she creative stols to her chance comwhich she greatly extols to her chance companion. She walks down the brick-paved panion. She warks down the ories-panel streets, her skirts making a charming frou-frou and her narrow shoes tapping smartly as she passes, always a pretty picture, always gay and dashing and chic, and always im-pressing one with her costliness, as does a

Sevres vase or a Coalport cup.

She is a horsey girl and likes to display her magnificent figure in a jaunty red coat and black habit. If her mount rears she likes it, and nothing delights her soul as much as to have her horses dance on their hind legs when she is driving them out to the lake. She attends the races reliciously and her She attends the races religiously, and her money and "racing allowance" are often exhausted on the first day of the week if her

The Saratoga girl is the Daisy Miller of to-day. She is the independent, gay, espicyle-young woman who has lots of money and finds life a rainbow of delight. She does not often belong to the inner circle of the "400," and very often spends her winters in some little town which is not on the map, but she doesn't worry her head over it. She is correctly governed and properly chaperoned secause she loves nice things, and mammas are convenient, but she will tell you frankly that she reads Laura Jean Libber when her maid happens to leave any of that young woman's blood-chilling tales around, and can't abide "preachy books" like the classics. But men like the Saratoga girl, and she generally marries and is bediamoned and bappy ever after, if he happens to be a swell New Yorker. Sometimes she and her "Ameri-New Yorker. Sometimes she and ner "Ameri-can freshness" capture a foreign prince, and then mamma is delighted. She even marries papa's choice, the solid business man, who adores her occasionally, and then a great responsibility is hitted from mamma's heart and mind, for ever the worldly Saratora girl in terraconductors and act to fall in love, with a is irresponsible, and not to fall in love with a is irresponsible, and apt to fail in love with a fat sporting man, with checked ciothes, who can give her points on horseflesh. He may not be handsome, but his rick ty grammar and knowledge of racers are fascinating, and some days the hotels are convulsed by hearing that the belle of the season has married Piunger So and So. Sophisticated as they are, even Saratoga girls have to be watched.

A Frave French Woman.

Paul Bonnepain, who has lately returned from West Africa, was accompanied through all his arduous journeys by his wife. She is the first lady who has visited the furthermost convines of the French Soudan,

Going away on your racation? The Times will go with you to any address, postupe prepaid, for \$5 cents a month.

"Who is your friend Cissie? "Lord Philip Freeland," she replied.
"What a fool he looks!" I remarked,
roughly. Classe drew herself up with an as-

sumption of dignity.
"He is the son of the Enri of Warden, and

caps with her for any man-lord or commoner

and I only thought her very silly to waste
her time in conversing with so uninteresting
an individual. But after a few days Lord
Philip became more bold and pressing in his
attentions. He even waited at the stage door
one night and as recovery and the stage door. one night, and as soon as we appeared he started forward and offered his arm to Cissie

looked upon as a kind of chaperon to the line lord marry you? Not a bit of it!

shall have the adowable pleasure to see you the right place."
again," said Lord Philip, in an offended "I hope so," he replied, and then I knew

tone.

"Oh! my ford," cried Cissie, "I am so sorry."

"It is exceedingly awkward—but Miss Maitland plays dwagon to you and won't let me in. Never mind! I will see you again to-mowow, Good night!" And ignoring Edmund Grey and myself in the rudest manner, Lord Philip Freeland squeezed Cissie's hand and walked hastily away.

"Warrand of the rudest manner of the rudes

very discontented trio. I could see that Casse Stanley was angry, by the way in which she flung her hat and gloves down on the sola and sat down with pouting this to the supper table. As for Edmund Grey, the lamplight revealed him to be white as death; and murmuring some excuse about a headache, he said he wanted nothing to eat, and took himsaid ne wanted botting to eat, and took him-self off to his own roem. I was too much annoyed to trust myself to speak at first, but when I found we were alone I could no longer keep my opinion to myself.

"Why," I demanded, "are you in such a

That was enough for Cissio. "Why?" she burst out, "isn't it enough to make any girl in a bad temper to see her friends insuited before her oyes?"
"Her friends! Do you consider that ape, Lord Philip, a friend?"

"How dare you speak of him like that—he, who is as much above us as heaven is above the earth?"

the earth?"
"I don't consider that he is," I answered,
coolly, "I see in him only a conceited young
fop who wants to make a fool of you, Cissie,
and I will be no party to the transaction." "What right have you to say he wishes to make a fool of me? The boot is more likely make a fool of me? The foot is more likely to be on the other foot. I never saw a man more mashed in my life,"
"Mashed! Perhaps! By your pretty face, and your singing and dancing. But you can hever suppose that he wishes to marry you."
"Why not?"

I stared at her in astonishment, "Lord Philip Freeland, the son of the Earl of Warden, propose to marry a girl off a pantomine stage? You must be cracked, Cissle. Admiration and flattery have turned

your brain."

"I don't see'it at all. Many artistee have
"I don't see'it at all. Many artistee have married into the aristocracy," and she men-tioned several well-known instances of the

SCANDAL AT NEWPORT.



Nell-Why, one of the girls went in the water.

DOOM OF THE BATH TUB. Ablution of Future Will Be by Rain and Shower Baths.

The dwelling house of the future, constructed on scientific and bygienic principles will be bathtubless, says the New York Mail and Express. The porcelain-lined and zincned and tin-lined tubs of to-day will be unknown. Their places will be taken by a tiled room, in which will be arranged shower or rain baths at various angles. These douche will supply hot, cold, or tepid water at the pleasure of the bather, and the liquid will be carried off as fast as it is used by a spacious

carried off as last as it is used by a drain pipe.

The idea is not a new one, and wherever it has been adopted the result has been gratifying. There are three houses in London, recently completed, supplied with this method of bathing, and there is said to be one in the control of the contr Philadelphia. It is not known whether the innovation has been made in New York—that is, whether there is any private dwelling fitted up exclusively with shower baths. There are several fashionable houses on Madison and Fifth avenues that have both, but it is doubtful if anywhere the tub has been abandoned It is claimed for the rain bath that it is in

every way superior to the method we have known since civilization began, and this has been proven in many public institutions. The first one ever built in America was put in the first one ever built in America was put in the New York Juvenile Asylum. The Demilt Dispensary has them, and so has the bathing establishment erected by the trustees of the Baron Hirsen fund at Henry and Market streets. One of the largest rain baths in the country is now in course of construction in the State Hospital for the Insane at Utica, and is is predicted that within a few years all prisont and hospitals will have adopted the system.

The most enthusiastic advocate of the rain bath is William Paul Gerhard, who has made a study of its advantages. In the first place.

Senator Sherman's Old Letters. a study of its advantages. In the first pines, he says that it requires less space in the planning of a bath house, it consumes less time in application, the body of the bather does not come in contact with solid water, the mechanical and tonic effect of the descending stream is unquestionable, the cleans-ing and stimulating effects are greater than in a bath tub, less water is required, and no time is lost in waiting for the filling of a tub in houses where the supply is slow. These are

you favored his suit. You have accepted his attentions and his presents. If not actually engaged to him, you have let the world think on were. Are you going to throw him over "Certainly not, There is nothing to throw

will speak of him with a little more respect, she said, as she moved away. I laughed at the airs she gave herself. I was a married woman, and not likely to pull in love with you—and you have seen it and over. Mr. Grey is my friend and I suppose he will continue to be so."
"You are playing with me. You know that he is more than your friend—that he is decayly

not answer for the consequences."
Cissie was silent and I went on:
"Edmund Grey is not an ordinary man.
He does not say much, but he has very fine
isedings, and they are concentrated upon you.
He is a cenius—with more brains in his little finger than this idiotic lord of yours has in ment.

Every available space behind the scenes used to be filled each evening by the young centlemen of Silverpool, for Mr. Drummond regarded such things with a strictly business were mad the mitting that the strictly business from the party, and the party and the party, and the party, and the party and the party, and the party and th

ior is as the married one of the party, and within bounds. The boards radiangerous and how were feen watched one interested to the was too and grown to the was too or her and his before him, "but we cannot have the pleasure of asking you in. It is very late, and Miss of the introduced in the interest of asking you in. It is very late, and Miss Stanley and I make a point of never bringing any one home to supper."

"Indeed! Perwaps to-morrow morning, then, I may call and see you," he replied.
"We are not in a position to receive visitors at any time," I said rather curtly, "Our didy disgorged arisably spent in coming to as generality old or forward was admirers, vitration.

"Oh!—ah!—Weally: I shouldn't be well-ass generality and another the policy of the party, and a few dended for the with the flattery she receives, but her heart is in the fattery she receives, but her heart is in the right place."

"Indeed! Perwaps to-morrow morning, then, I may call and see you," he replied.
"We are not in a position to receive visitors at any time," I said rather curtly, "Our flow of the party, and a few don't his place the following evening, and a few days alterwards as Mr. Grey and I were walking quietly together we met her all smiles and blushes, promenading by his side. Edmund did not remark on the occurrence, even to me, but I saw his lips tightly together. I could not help trying to assuage his disappointment.

"Cissie is very thoughties, but she means no harm, "I said. "Her head is turned with the flattery she receives, but her heart is in the right place."

"I have been accustomed to."

"Cissie is very thoughties, but she means no harm, "I said. "Her head is turned with the flattery she receives, but her heart is in the right place."

"I have been ached on it in a position to receive visitors at any time," I said saffaid my remonstrance had not mended matters, and the sequel proved it.

"Grey and I were walking quietly together."

"Cissie is very thoughties, but she means no harm, "I said." "Her head is turned with th

"I can't stand this thing any longer," she said to me, with flashing eyes: "and if I am not to speak to a friend nor let him join me out walking without being subjected to abuse and fault-flading, I shall look out for some apartments for myself, "And lose your character at once," I re-

torted angrity, for I was beginning to get tired of her nonsense. "I don't see that follows at all." "And I am sure of it, with Lord Philip sit-

pointments to meet him elsewhere."
"There's no harm in a little walk," she pouted, "and Edmund is absurdly jealous. A nice sort of husband he'il make if I'm never to speak to or to look at another man."
"You do think of poor Edmund as a possible husband, then?" She colored.

"Ah' Cissie, you are not so heartless as you retend to be. You know that that man's eart is worth a dozen titles, which, after all, will never be your own. "I'm not so sure of that," she answered,

will never be your own."

"I'm not so sure of that," she answered,
"and I'm not going to give up my privileges
for any man's absurd jealousy."

And, indeed, after that conversation, she
appeared to encourage Lord Philip Freeland
more than ever. Edmund Grey never mentioned the subject, but I could see that the
iron entered into his very soul. He was
a proud, as well as a sensitive man, and his
cheek seemed to grow thinner and more wan
every dny. He still stood at the wings to
watch Cissie whilst she was on the stage, but
directly she left it he would walk away as
though it were too much pain to him to see
her firstation with Lord Philip. One evening
he walked home in a very subdued manner.
Cissie had refused to come with us; Lilly
Arnott, who played principal boy, and was a
very fast woman and an objectionable acquaintance, had invited her and Lord Philip
to go to supper at her rooms, and she had insisted on accepting the invitation.

So Edmund and I returned to our, humble

tioned several well-known instances of the fact.

"But, supposing," I gasped, "this man has any such intentions toward you (which I don't believe), what about Edmund Grey?"

Cissie colored deeply. She knew perfectly well what I meant, though she obstinately pretended not to do so."

"Mr. Grey? I don't understand you!"

"Mr. Grey? I don't understand you!"

"Mr. Grey? I don't understand you!"

"Cissie! that is not true, For the last six weeks you have let Edmund Grey believe that

a few of the reasons advanced, and Mr. Ger-hard bases an einborate argument upon them maintaining his position throughout with a logic that is convincing and interesting.

"THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER." Rapid Rise to Wealth of a Billiard-market Now a Millionaire.

The knowing ones who were familiar with the undercurrent of Democratic politics in New Jersey were prepared for the recent announcement that William J. Thompson, often called the "Duke of Gloucester," aspires to be the next Democratic candidate for Governor of the applejack state, and what is more, that he has his eye on a seat in the United States Senate.

Thompson's rise parallels the growth of onah's gourd. Fifteen years ago he was a marker in a billiard hall in Philadelphia To-day his wealth will not fall much short of \$5,000,000. This makes him one of the richest men in the State, and of all States, money does most in New Jersey. In fact, Thomason, as all his intimates call him, has the power to rule New Jersey politics. He has never made a political fight that he has

fellow, but those of his political enemies who know him best confess that as a tactician he hasn't an equal in his State. As Gen. Sewell, the Republican leader of New Jersey, once said: "Thompson is the most underesti-mated man in the politics of New Jersey, and if he is not checked he will ultimately be the

Senator John Sherman has, if rumor speaks true, preserved all his letters since he was fifteen years old. If he has kept a record of all his financial deliverances, extending over a public career longer than that of Henry Clay, the compilation must afford unparalleled illustrations of the most daring two-horse bareback riding ever beheld in the political arena,

and mounted the stairs to procure it. As I passed Mr. Grey's room I heard the sound of a low sob. I could not hear to think of his suffering all alone and tapped quietly at his the traces of grief upon his countenance. He looked ghastly and

the traces of grief upon his countenance. He looked glussiy and careworn.

"Mr. Grew," I exclaimed, "don't worry yourself like this. No woman is worth it. Besides, it will all come right in time."

"It will never come right, Miss Maitland," he said, "but it must come to an end. I shall speak to her to-morrow."

"Do, and then you will find the following.

speak to her to-morrow."

"Do! and then you will find that Cissle's heart is really yours. I feel sure of it. I have almost made her confess it."

"It is very good of you to try and comfort me, but I am afraid the circumstances (if."

"No! no! you won't. You will think better."

"No! no! you won't. You will think better true would only argravate the matter in my eyes. Of what value can love be that can take pleasure in torturing its victim?"

"But she doesn't know her power," I institute of the true one jot for him, "she returned, deflantly, but her voice shock as she said it. But there is to truring you, Mr. Grey. She is like her namesake. Butterfly, without a thought beyond the pleasure of the moment."

"No! no! you won't. You will think better to much to wound him without reason."

"I don't care one jot for him," she returned, deflantly, but her voice shock as she said it. Edmund did not come in for his tea, and we walked very soberly to the theater together. He was there, of course, and went slience—horrible—awful—silence.

pleasure of the moment."
"It is a pity," he said, wearily, "and some day she may regret it,"
I felt so sorry for him. He looked so utterly hopeless and miserable.
"She will regret it all her life if it is the

"she will regret it all her life if it is the cause of her losing your affection. But try and make some excuses for her youth and natural thoughtiessness, and bring matters to a crisis between you as soon as possible. That is the best advice I can give you."

"Yes! I will settle it one way or the other to-morrow," he replied in the same hopeless manner, as he wished me good night and aloned by door settle. end his door aguin.

I went down stairs utterly disgusted with Cissic Stanley, and when towards the small nours of the morning she returned home, escorted by her (so-called) friends, and flushed and excited by a champague supper, I spoke to her very sharply on her behavior, and said that if she was going to adopt that sort of habit the sconer we parted company the better. It was very unlike me to find serious fault with her, and Ciesie opened her big

eyes in amazement.

"Here's a row about nothing," she exclaimed. "If you don't like sitting up for me why do it? Nobody asked you, and I could just as easily have slept at Miss Arnott's. I shall do so next time. And there's really no announcement to come lower. encouragement to come home-"Not when you keep such hours as these,

"I don't see that follows at all,"
"And I am sure of it, with Lord Philip atting at your feet all day. Come, Cissie, be good, and acknowledge that Edmund has reason to be dissatisfied."
"I shall do no and this see that it makes a difference to any one but myself."

"You have made Mr. Grey very unhappy,"
I shall do no such thing. Is it my fault
that Mr. Drummond encourages the swells of
Silverpool benind each evening?"
I said, taking up the candlestick."
"Unhappy! Rubbish! What business is it
of his? And if he is going to sit down and
ery like a molly-coddle every time I am a few
minutes later than usual, we'd better come to

an understanding on the matter."
"I think you had. However, run off to bed now, Cissie, for I can keep my eyes open no longer."

now, Cissie, for I can keep my eyes open no longer."

She kissed me good night in her usual fashion, and I had not the heart to repulse her, for I beheved her to be simply thoughtless, and nothing more.

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning I went out and left the lovers to themselves. I thought they would come to an explanation better without me, and I was the housekeeper for the party, and had a good excuse to go marketing. When I returned I found Cissie alone, looking flushed and angry, reading a novel on the sofa.

"Where is Edmund?" I asked, cheerfully.

"I really don't know," she answered.

"Shall we wait for him?" I said.

"You can do as you please," replied Ciscie, indifferently. "But he knows that we dine at three."

indifferently. "But he knows that wo hat three,"
I saw that something had occurred, but it was not the time to question her. After waiting for half an hour we sat down together and had our meal. It was finished and carried away. Still Edmund had not joined us. "Cissie!" I commenced, have you and Mr. Grey been quarreling?"
I saw her lip tremble, but she laughed as she replied—

NEWPORT IS WIDE AWAKE.

A Dozen \$5,000 a Year Chefs Ready to Cook for the Pampered Ones,

NEWPORT, July 28 .- "Is Ward McAllister

"He is, me Lud."

Then did society proceed. It makes all the difference in the world who is at Newport whether or not society receives the proper stimulus to perform its grand functions in its grandest style. We all know who Ward McAllister is and we also are aware to what extent his eminently proper, but nevertheless unique, personality is interwoven in all the doings of the extremely unper term. So with the single approximents. upper ten. So with the single announcement that Mr. McAllister has established himself, here comes as a coincident the promulgation of the fact that the Newport season is open.

of the fact that the Newport season is open. So far so good.

But society demands something more. It sees enough of itself at blue and gold 5 o'clocks, at the Patriarch's, and subscription balls and at the opera and Sherry's. It yearns to open its doors—its Summer doors—to distinguished foreigners, and to enter into friendly rivalry in lawn fetes, dinners, luncheons, and receptions. A dozen \$5,000 chefs are prepared to perform their part, and several intensely foreign orchestras are ready to take themsely foreign orchestras are ready to take themselves behind the customary bar-ricades of palms. The agreeable hosts and hostesses are ready and waiting. With the exceptions of those who are abroad—and, by the by, they are numerous— all regular Newworters are here. Of the

abroad—and, by the by, they are numerons—all regular Newporters are here. Of the Astors, who are looked upon as the leading family, perhaps because so many of its members are socially inclined and charmingly easy financially, about half are in Newport. The Havemeyers, the Ocirichs, the Van Bensselaers, the Wetmores, the Tailers, the Marquands, the Cuttings, and a considerable number of distinguished officers of the army and navy have participated in the early doings.

The new pole grounds are in shape for the sport, and Hermann Oeirichs, who is, per-haps, the best all-around athlete in the Newport set, is authority for the statement that

polo playing will engage the attention of the younger men quite as much as ynehting. The midsummer cruises are anxiously awaited. Newport is never exactly itself without trim yachts in the harbor. Next to dancing in the Casino there is nothing that suits the rosebuds better than to participate in small parties under the canopied afterdecks of the graceful ninety-looters. L. M.

Why Mamie Shed Tears.

She was one of the dirtiest and most disreputable little beings on Avenue B. Her face was grimy and stained, her hands absolutely coated with dirt, her hair matted, her bare feet the color of the adjacent ash pile, and such clothing as she wore hopelessly torn and soiled. Still she was an object of interest to quite a number of children of her own age, who clustered about her and stared at hor. For she was weeping violently and un-restrainedly into a handkerchief with a bright

"Wot's de matter?" demanded one of her associates. "Is youse been beat?" There was no answer except increased sob-

"Taint no beatin'," volunteered another.
"Say, Mamie, is yer lost anythin'?"
Mamie continued to sob.

"Ab, say, Mamie," said a third impatiently, "any bloke take yer banan?"
The Niobe refused to divuige the cause of her grief. Just then a bigger girl joined the

group.
"Youse all loonies, that's wot youse are," she announced. "Can't yer see she's a-bawl-in' like that just 'cause she's got a new hand-And before this astute feminine reasoning all other surmises vanished away. The mys-tery of Mamie's wee was solved.—New York World.

Some Consolation in the Future. There were two women on the shady side of middle age riding uptown the other day who illustrated the fact that one's ideas of enjoyment change as one grows older. They be-

to find fault with my friends. He presumed to forbid me-forbid, forsooth!—to go to Lord

Thilly's supper to night."

"Lord Philip's supper! What is that?

"Lord Philip's supper! What is that?

"A supper he is going to give in my honor at the Crown hotel. As if I would stay away for any man! But Mr. Grey has the assurance to tell me that if I go he will never speak? Let him go on his way, and let me go mine. I could never nut up with such a pric!"

I could never put up with such a prig!"

"Cissie! don't go to this supper, I implore
you," I said earnestly: "I know Edmund's
temperament. It may lead to a serious rupture between you."

"I don't gare where it leads. I intend to

"I don't care where it leads. I intend to

through his work as usual, but I never saw him once at the wings, nor did he raise his mask whilst in my sight. Lord Philip Free-land was more to the fore than ever, and made himself unpleasantly obtrusive, monopolizing all Cisale's attention when off the stage, whilst she, as if to prove her power and independence, firted with him more openly than ever. He had brought her a bouquet—the most magnificent bouquet that I have ever seen. Although in the depth of Winter, it was composed of white roses and rare orchids, and was of an enormous size. The young fool must have paid pounds for it. Cissic seemed childishly delighted. "Isn't it lovely?" she said, holding it to my

face.
"No!" I exclaimed, thrusting it aside.

is hideous. I should like to trample it under "Oh! You cat! you're jealous," she cried, laughing, "you must get Mr. Grey to consols you. You are quite welcome to him, I can

assure you." At that moment we had to move aside for At that momen' we had to move aside for the poor, ungainly Toad to hop upon the stage, and I knew he had heard her words. When the performance was over I made a last attempt to turn her from her purpose. "Classie! come home with me to-night," I pleaded, as I looked in at her dressing-room

door. "I beg-I implore you to do so. Some-thing tells me that if you don't you will re-

great it for evermore."

She had divested herself of her stage costume, and her dresser was lacing the back of a white silk dress. In her hand she held Lord Philip's magnificent flowers.

"You are daft," she said: "one would think I was going to my destruction. A nice fool I should look to draw back now, when the supper had been organized on my behalf. It is useless asking me, for I shail do no such thing."

is useless asking me, for I shail do no such thing."
"Very well!" I answered, sadly, "you must have your own way, Cissie, but you will repent it."
"Go along, you old goose!" she said, laughing, "and go to bed. I shan't be home till 4 o'clock." But her hard laugh had no merriment in it. I walked home with a heavy heart and alone. I could see Edmund nowhere and concluded he had gone before me. I felt it was an additional proof of what he was suffering that he should have forgotten to wait for me. When I reuched our lodgings the for me. When I reached our lodgings the landlady told me he had come in and gone straight to bed. I had lost all appetite for my supper and determined to retire also. Cissie supper and determined to retire also. Cissic Stanley had her own key and I was too angry with her to sit up for her return. I was tired, but I could not rest. Some spell seemed to

keep me waking.

I could not drive the thought of Edmund
Grey's disappointment from my mind, nor
help wondering what effect Cissie's crueity
might have upon him. I heard him moving
restlessly in his room above mine, as if he,
too, found it impossible to sleep, and some
nervous feeling made me get out of bed again
and light my candle, and leave it burning on
the mantelshelf. After that I dozed off for a
little while, as it seemed to me, but was
roused suddenly from my sleep by a loud,
sharp noise, as if a door was slammed. I
syrung up in bed, wideawake and trembling,
hardly knowing what had happened. Almost
simultaneously I heard a knock against my
door, and my landlady's voice, entreating me
to wake up.

"I am awake," I cried, rushing to the door.
"What is the matter? What has happened?"
The woman's face was ashen gray with
fright.
"Ob, Miss Maitland," she exclaimed, whim-I could not drive the thought of Edmund

longed to some society which had a fund for the care of members during sickness and their burial in case of death. The old ladies

tion,
"But it's been a dreadful dull season," said
one, sighing deeply, "There sin't been a
funeral this year,"
"I know it," sighed the other lugubriously.
Then she brightened a little and added:
"But, Almiry, you don't want to forget that
we had three last year and that Mrs. Johnson's pretty low."—New York World.

SKIPPER OF THE BRITANNIA.

He Stands in the Foremost Rank of Yachtsmen in Europe.

The skipper of the Prince of Wales' yacht, he Britannia, Capt. Carter, is, says Ballard Smith in a letter to the New York World, esteemed one of the best professional yachts men on the other side of the Atlantic. He is forty-four years old, and, as becomes

a prince's skipper, is exceedingly reserved. He unbosomed himself lately to some extent though, to an interviewer of the Yachting World, to whom he declared that no one could be prouder of the prince's yacht than he or have greater faith in her.

he or have greater faith in her.

Still, he by no means underestimated the Vigilant, says Mr. Smith, who wrote before the races between the Britannia and the Vigilant had taken place. He could not (or would not give a definite opinion as to whether the American would romp away with the chief prizes of the season, but he said in a general way that he believed in cases where she would have a good, long reach she would be more successful than in more confined waters. He thought she would give a better account of herself on the Clyde than in the Solent.

Capt. Cartee was very enthusiastic about Capt, Carter was very enthusiastic about the Prince of Wales. He said that on several

occasions his services have been recognized in the most liberal, delicate manner possible, In this the prince is like his royal mother, Whenever they get capable, trustworthy per-sons they never part with them, attaching them to their service by many pleasant at-

them to their service ov many pleasant attentions and kindnesses.

The Vigilant has been very greatly admired by experts on the other side. The Yachtsman goes into ecstasies over the beauty of her hull, for the hull is beautiful to those who can appreciate the master-hand of the naval architect. There is the most grace possible in her every line. in her every line.

Bamboo Culture in Florida. "Successful experiments have been made in raising bamboo in Florida," said Abe Walthen, at the Grand. "There are several patches near Fort Myers, and the plants are all growing rapidly, sometimes as much as a foot in a single night. The importance of this new industry cannot be overestimated. For the building of light summer houses, or for certain classes of furniture, bamboo cannot be surpassed. Road vehicles can be made out of it, and many other things too numerous to mention. Clothing can be made from its three mention. Clothing can be made from its fibre, as can paper, and a portion of it is most excellent as load. It is the only plant known that furnishes shelter, clothing, and sustenance to mankind, and its introduction here will be of great public benefit."—Cincinnati

Enquirer. Gave Her Life for a Child's. Ellen McGaugh, of Newark, N. J., saved the life of her little cousin, Mamie McGinnis, at the cost of her own. Miss McGaugh was talking to some friends on the street, while the child played near. The little one repeat-edly ran into the street, but no one minded her until suddenly Miss McGaugh rushed from the group toward the middle of the street. A trolley car was speeding along and directly in front of it was the little girl. The directly in front of it was the little girl. The child seemed lost, but the plucky young woman sprang in front of the car and pushed the child from the track. She then tried to run back, but it was too late. The car, atre-duced speed, struck her and threw her for-ward along the track. When she was lifted from the street she had been fatally injured, and she died before the hospital was reached.

pering, "I'm all of a shake. Didn't you hear the noise, miss? There's something wrong in the gentleman's room. Maybe he's ill and failen out of bed. And there's no one in the house but you and me, miss, and what are we

"The gentleman's room!" In a moment "The gentleman's room!" In a moment the true solution of the noise I had heard flashed across my mind. It was the report of a pistol. With trembling hands I flung a dressing-gown around me and selzed the candle. "We must go to him," I said in a hoarse voice, "at once—at once. Come with me, Mrs. Rooney." "Oh, lor, miss, I dursen't for the life of

"You must! You must!"

I dragged her by the arm across the landing and up the stairs till we stood at Edmund

At last I could stand it no longer. I burst open the door and rushed in.

And there he lay, poor, misguided, heart-broken fellow, prone on the floor—dead—with a builet through his brais. How can I describe to you the terror of that discovery or the useless, frantic efforts we helpless women made to restore him to consciousness? But made to restore him to consciousness? But

he was gone—far beyond all mortal reach.

"Mrs. Rooney." I whispered at last to the
scared woman beside me, "you must fetch a
doctor at once." "Oh! lor, miss, here's Miss Stanley! Can't "Oh! lor, miss, here's Miss Stanley! Can't she go?" replied the landlady, and even as she spoke Cissie (who had entered the house with her latchkey, and been attracted by the sound of our voices), stood upon the threshold. If I could have saved her from the suddenness of the blow I would, even though it was her fickelness and vanity that were at the bottom of the calamity. But it was impossible. She had seen all before I saw her.

"What is it?" she demanded in a fearful whisper. "Is—is—he ill?"

"Ill I my dear!" answered Mrs. Rooney. "He's dead! He's blowed his brains out with a builet! And to think it should have hap-

a bullet! And to think it should have hap-

pened in my house!"

"Hush!" I cried, but it was too late. Clasie gave one look at the dead face of Edmund Grey, and fell across the threshold in a faint. Then all my attention had to be directed to her. I carried her into her own room and laid her on the bed, and did not leave her to laid her on the bed, and did not leave her to herself again. Ohl what a wretched time that was, and all the worse because we were obliged to continue dancing and singing and playing as if nothing had bappened. Mr. Drummond was very kind about it all. He gave the poor lad an expensive funeral which the company attended, and the manner of his death was bushed up as much as possible, and his place was flied and after a few days' wonder the painful event was forgotten.

But Cissie Staniev did not forget.

But Cissie Stanley did not forget. She continued to play her part in "The Butterfly's Ball," but from the day that Ed-mund died she used to walk straight off the stage to her dressing-room, and never spoke to any one. Lord Philip Freeland complained to any one. Lord Philip Freeiand complained bitterly to me of the alteration in her behavior, but I told him she had lost a dear friend, and wished to be left as much alone as possible. So after a while he, too, disappeared, and went home to his friends. But Cissie grew thinner and paier every day. She did not confide in me, but I guessed how deeply she was suffering—now, when alas! it was too late. When the pastomime had run is course and our encarements were over. we

course, and our engagements were over, we parted to go our different ways—she to her mother's house and I to my husband.

"Cissie, dear," I whispered, as I kissed her and said goodby, "I hope you have ceased to fret about that unfortunate affair."